

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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### THE MENTOR.

When the shades of solitude have encompassed a man, when the voice of compassion is silent and the song of pleasure had ceased to vibrate on his ear, when reason is restored to the throne, and every avenue is open to reflection, then if ever in his days of boyhood he was betrayed into some folly of which he has in vain repented, or led into some error whose consequences he must forever deplore, the remembrance of those days will rush upon his mind. Those scenes will be retraced before his eye. And memory will only add intenseness to the pang of guilt. Disappointment is in itself bitter, but when the remembrance of past follies is added to the scene of present suffering, it fills up the measures of the cup of agony. But the medicine, though bitter, is salutary, and should be drunk without a murmur. If thou hast lost the hope most dear to thy heart, seek not to overpower the voice of conscience by the noise of world's folly, or to drown the memory of thy disappointment in the tide of dissipation: but ponder on the vanity of earthly pursuits and it may be that thy disappointments will lead thee to Him, who chasteneth whom he loveth. For he who has lost his hopes of happiness here, must feel that it is elsewhere to be sought. There is something in disappointment, that forcibly leads the mind to reflect on the delusive nature of earthly pleasures, and on the necessity of fixing its hopes of happiness on a firmer basis than the vanities of this world. While the first burst of grief continues, we may even be tempted to murmur against the hand that has smitten us. But when time has removed the poignancy of sorrow, when we can look around with calmness and resignation, and feel that the hopes which we indulged are blasted forever, then we turn with disgust from the objects of our former desire, and seek for those which are more worthy of our affections. As the ivy which has wound itself around some prop, when that is removed will again entwine itself around some object which will sustain it; so when the heart strings have fastened upon some favorite object and are torn from it with cruel violence, the broken fibres will seek a more faithful support. Who can experience the perfidy of a supposed friend, and not feel that he who put his trust in man, leaneth upon a bruised reed? Who can be present at that solemn scene when man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets, and not realize that man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. Yet, there is language in disappointment, louder than the voice of the preacher. For it speaks to the heart and not to the reason. O! he who has lost his hopes of happiness here must indeed feel that they are to be placed elsewhere.

[LEAVITT.]

*Extract.*—Believe me, the world is a mighty pleasant creature, only do not, as I said before, expect too much from it. In the hour of peace, of prosperity and relaxation, seek the world in moderation, taste as you

would of a strong cordial, but not the remembrance that it turns bitter on the lees; drink it not to excess or it will lead to folly, ignominy or death. Hope nothing from the world in the hour of sorrow. Hope little even from friends; try them not too much,—it is painful to find them wanting.—Trust only in that world which is not now but which must come to all, whether they will or not. Look at the great word written over the portal of death—Eternity—and seek your comfort there.

Dr. Johnson once observed, in speaking of a weak woman, that it was a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that. It is a characteristic of ill informed and self-sufficient persons always to be disputing about trifles.

### ELOQUENCE OF FRENCH PREACHERS.

In 1761, M. Bridaine preached in the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris. His renown had preceded him; and the temple was filled with the highest dignitaries of the church and state decorated with the various insignia of their ranks and orders: The venerable man ascended the pulpit, cast a look of indignation and pity on his audience, remained in silence for some moments, and then began his sermon in these words:—"In the presence of an audience of a kind so new to me, it might, my brethren, be thought, that I should not open my mouth, without entreating your indulgence to a poor missionary, who does not possess any one of the talents, which you are pleased to require from those who address you on the salvation of your souls. My feelings are very different. May God forb'd, that any ministers of the Gospel shall ever think he owes an apology for preaching Gospel truths to you; for whoever you are, you like myself, are sinners, in the judgment of God. Till this day, I have published the judgments of the Most High in the temples roofed with straw: I have preached the rigours of penance to an audience, most of whom wanted bread. I have proclaimed, to the simple inhabitants of the village, the most terrible truths of religion. Unhappy man!—what have I done? I have afflicted the poor, the best friends of my God. I have carried consternation and woe into simple and honest bosoms, which I ought rather to have soothed and comforted.

But here!—where my eyes fall on the great, on the rich, on the oppressors of suffering humanity, or on bold and hardened sinners; it is here in the midst of these scandals, that I ought to make the holy word resound in all its thunders, and place on one side of me death that threatens you, and the great God, who is to judge us all. Tremble before me, ye proud, disdainful men, who listen to me! Tremble! for the abuse of favours of every kind, which God has heaped on you! Think on the certainty of death: the uncertainty of its hour: how terrible it will be to you! Think on final impenitence—on the last judgment—on the small number of

the elect, and above all, think on eternity! These are the subjects upon which I shall discourse to you, and which, with the feelings I have mentioned, I ought to unfold to you in all their terrors."

The Abbe Caron has just published the life of M. Bridaine, and has inserted at the end of it a sermon preached by him in one of his missions. It is difficult to read it without being affected, or, perceiving the impressions it would have, when delivered by the missionary preacher, with his known voice and gesture. A person who attended the mission performed by him at Bagnole, wrote thus in a letter published at the end of the Abbe's work, of the effect of one of the sermons preached by Bridaine on that occasion. "At the end of his sermon upon hell, he repeated thrice in a tone of voice, which fell like thunder on his audience,—O ETERNITY!—At the third repetition of it, the auditors were so much affected, that they all remained motionless.

"Their grief for their sins was so profound, that, during the three days which immediately followed the mission, all the town remained in consternation and mournful silence. In the streets and public places, young and old were seen lifting their eyes and hands to heaven, and crying aloud, *Mercy! O Lord! Mercy!*"  
—Butler's Reminiscences

### THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

The love of life is one of the most important principles of human nature; and death, the necessary end of all men, is an event, mercifully and in wisdom hid from our eyes. Hoping that we may live till to-morrow, we feel ourselves impelled to exert ourselves to-day, to make some provisions for it. Not knowing the time of their death, men are engaged to act as if they were immortal. And though no wise man would "wish to live always," or can deem it possible, yet the precise period never comes, when we find ourselves so entirely unoccupied with temporal prospects or pursuits, so totally mortified to the world, as to be disposed with cheerfulness to leave it. Hence the business of the world goes on, which would otherwise stand still; and that God of whose years there can be no end, is carrying on designs of everlasting moment, by frail and short-lived instruments. This man makes a few feeble, dying efforts, and expires. Another comes after him, takes up the instrument which his fellow had laid down, makes his stroke or two, and expires likewise; and yet by means of efforts so weak, so interrupted, and self-destroying, the purposes of Heaven proceed, the building of God rises; every loss is instantly repaired, every defect supplied, and no chasm in the chain of Providence is permitted to take place. Hence men are dignified with the title of fellow-workers with God, and the perishing attempts of perishing creatures are employed in maturing the plans of infinite wisdom, and are honored by the acceptance and approbation of Him who "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." What a motive to diligence, exertion and perseverance!—Hunter.

## HISTORY.

## GUATEMALA.

This city is becoming an object of some interest from its being a capital city in one of the new republics of the south, as well as the place where the Panama Congress is to hold its deliberations. The annexed account of it was written by a gentleman who visited it last summer, to his friends in Baltimore.

June 15th, 1826.—"Guatemala is situated near the Pacific ocean, in lat. 14 N and lon. 91 W. in a rich valley, and a most delightful climate, at an elevation of about 5000 feet above the sea. The inhabitants scarcely know a change of temperature during the year.—There is one continual vernal season. The thermometer, since my arrival, has ranged from 67 to 73 degrees.—The freshness and elasticity of the breeze is delicious. The weather reminds me of our sweetest days in May. Within twenty leagues of the city there is every climate. Within six or eight leagues, and in view, is the great Volcano, the Volcan de Agua, which by its eruption destroyed old Guatemala, suppose to be 14 or 15,000 feet high, and from which the city is supplied with ice. Within a few leagues from thence, on the shores of the Pacific, is the parching climate of Africa, under the Equator. This variety of climate affords an equal variety of productions; hence are to be seen every day in the market the productions of all countries.

In view, and about five leagues from the city, are the Volcanoes called Meatrato; near them the earth is almost continually trembling. This is a celebrated place, much famed for the medicinal qualities of the springs. The population of the republic of Guatemala, is estimated at upwards of two millions; and of this city, from 40 to 50,000. The streets are 36 feet wide, well paved with lime-stone, and have a rivulet in the centre of each. The houses are all one story high (except the churches,) with thick walls to resist the frequent earthquakes, plastered inside and out with lime, and covered with red tile.—The yards and gardens are ornamented with flowers of rich hues, with oranges and lemon trees, and the shrubbery common to tropical climates, and with one or more fountains of pure water in each.

The public square is 450 feet rectangular, and substantially paved; one side of which is filled up by the Cathedral and its appurtenances; on the other three sides are public edifices. In the centre of the square is a magnificent fountain or reservoir.

There is a uniformity, neatness and convenience in this city, not to be met with in any other Spanish town, as I am informed. There are, perhaps, 40 churches, and from 4 to 500 priests of the different orders, and several nunneries.—The churches are splendid buildings, and finished in the first style of architecture. It is said some of them cost more than two millions of dollars.

Indigo and cochineal are the principal articles of export. The latter was not cultivated to any great extent until a few years ago. If my information is correct, there is no production of the earth which rewards labor so extravagantly as cochineal; from the great increase of its produc-

tion the price must decline. The operation of the new government is infusing life into the immense natural resources of Central America."

## LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN ALGIERS, TO HIS FRIEND IN WASHINGTON CITY.

ALGIERS, June 28, 1826.

On the 12th of April I landed at this city from the U. S. ship Ontario, Capt. Nicholson, and was received by the Consul General with great kindness. As my voyage was not without incident, a short relation may not be unacceptable. Our passage from the Chesapeake to Gibraltar, was made in 24 days; all my anticipations of sea sickness were realized; nor have I derived from it the benefits which have been thought to succeed. Cato, the censor, charged himself with three things, of which one was a voyage by sea, when he could have travelled by land. This self-reproach I have not to make; but, if I could return to America by a land passage of 6,000 miles, I would certainly do it. I did say, that I would never again embark upon the vasty deep, but, as the promise was extorted under *duress*, it cannot be binding; and I am now prepared, with the inducements of the first, to hazard a second voyage.

To those who have visited the classic soil of Greece or Italy, Gibraltar might not present engaging associations—to me, who had only approached antiquity through books, this citadel was peculiarly interesting. I stood upon the apex of this mount, and imagined Genseric and his Vandals passing over into Africa, when, as Milton says of the populous North,

"Her barbarous sons  
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands."

It was here, also, that the Moors under Tarik, from whom the rock of Gibraltar takes its name, first landed for the conquest of Spain. The dominion of the Moors in that country for eight centuries, distinguished as it was by the cultivation of science, and the arts of peace, present a painful contrast to its present condition under an imbecile Legitimate. Were I to pursue the historic recollections of this place, I should be carried back to Hercules; for Gibraltar, and the opposite promontory in Africa, were called the pillars of Hercules. He is said to have opened this passage for the water of the Mediterranean, by an effort of his own arm. Mr. Jefferson supposes a similar rupture to have discharged the waters of the Shenandoah; but unfortunately his countrymen cannot credit the Herculean process, or any mythologic agency.

A castle, built in the 8th century, is still standing at Gibraltar, and is a fine specimen of the Moresco. This rock was thus early occupied as a *point d'appui*, and its conquerors, in modern times, have appreciated its importance, by rendering it perfectly impregnable.

The present Governor of the garrison, is John, Earl of Chatham, the eldest son of our Chatham; and I should be pleased to say, that, with the title, he inherits the virtues and talents of his illustrious progenitor. It is probable, however, that the distinction of the son will rest on that "great and celebrated name," as Burke speaks of the first Chatham—the eloquent statesman whose genius will ever be admired, and his mem-

ory venerated by Americans. Lord John is said to have dissipated the pension of £4,000 granted, to the Earldom by Parliament. His present salary is \$33,000.

I had the pleasure while at Gibraltar, of seeing the renowned Marquis of Hastings. He landed there on his way to Malta, of which island and garrison he is Governor. As the youthful Lord Rawdon, his name is associated with some of the most important operations and prominent events of our Revolution. He was generous and chivalric; but he sustains the odium of Col. Hayne's execution. His defence of that measure, in a letter to Gen. Lee, is published in the "Campaign of 1781," by the accomplished son of that distinguished patriot. As Earl of Moira, he was Governor General of India. His great pecuniary embarrassments are understood to have been caused by his philanthropy towards the French emigrants during their revolution.—Gen. La Fayette and he perhaps are of the same age; and they were combatants on the same arena; yet how different their fame with posterity. The morally sublime spectacle of La Fayette's visit to our happy country, proves that whoever will attract the admiration, and secure the esteem of humanity, must not contend against its dearest rights.

After a stay of four days at Gibraltar, we sailed for Mahon, a port in the Island of Minorca, belonging to Spain. The U. States' Squadron had wintered there, and was prepared to sail when we arrived. Commodore Rogers was kind in his reception, furnished me a conveyance to this place in the Ontario. The squadron returned from Gibraltar to this place on the 23d of May, and anchored. During their stay of two days, the Commodore proposed to visit the Basha, but, as he declined receiving him at the hour requested, he determined to leave without paying that respect. The squadron sailed hence to the Levant. As the line of battle ships are named from the States, the members of our Confederacy will be familiarly known in this distant sea. I conceive it of political importance; these people know nothing of statistics; but if they are told that this tremendous engine of power represents one State, they will be able to infer the combined strength of the Union—whose enemies must crumble under its blows, or fuse in its lightnings.

When I first landed at Algiers I regarded myself as an exile—in a warmer country, however than *Siberia*.—I now esteem this residence as a philosophical retirement. I certainly have facilities for general improvement, which, if I use, I may become an intelligent Barbary-an.

Society is confined exclusively to the families of European Consuls, of which there are eight. Mr. Shaler is the only Consul residing in town, the others having country houses. An American, accustomed to the spacious, cleanly streets and fine houses of our towns, cannot conceive of the disgusting aspect of Algiers. The streets will scarcely allow two persons to pass abreast, on horseback, and they are lined with receptacles for filth and offal, one of which is attached to each house. Then meet you hungry dogs and cats, and squalid beggars, and every thing offensive to delicate organs. Were it not for the frank hospitality of the Consular families in the coun-



try, where I spend two or three evenings of the week, I would be unable to endure a town residence. Algiers is an exact miniature of Constantinople, and whatever Lady M. W. Montague has said of that city is true of this, in proportion to the wealth of its inhabitants. I understand the same Oriental luxury prevails; I perceive that the ladies are not permitted to leave their houses, and that those disreputable ones, who are seen in the streets, have their faces and heads covered with a thick veil, called the *ajda*, leaving a small aperture for the eyes. The despotism of the Turkish Government is exercised in families over the gentler part of creation.

A more particular description of manners, religion and polity, I must defer to a future period.

I have not yet been presented to his Highness the Bashaw, as Mr. Shaler never visits him, except on business. This he conceives proper, from a knowledge of Turkish character. I should like to have an opportunity of beholding this throne of gorgeous East, "which showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold." Algiers is as piratical this moment, as it was under Barbarossa, when some apology might be offered for the sufferance of its depredations. Had not the United States compelled the abolishment of slavery, in regard to their citizens, the cruel policy of European Powers would have allowed it still to exist. France has undertaken to regulate and protect Spain, yet Algerine cruizers have been for several months preying upon Spanish commerce, when the amount demanded of Spain is but \$300,000. This Regency has, for 14 months past, had a fleet of nine sails, operating with the Egyptians, against the unfortunate Greeks. It returned, a few days ago, after having assisted at the capture of Missolonghi.—There were 20 or 30 Greek boys brought as slaves. What a reproach to Christian Europe.

*National Intelligencer.*

## SCIENTIFIC.

### LONG'S LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

A pamphlet has just been issued by the publisher of the Franklin Journal, containing a "specification of certain improvements in the locomotive engine, and in the mode of transferring loaded carriages from one level to another in their passage upon railways, by S. H. Long, Major of Topographical Engineers." The particular objects of this invention are explained in the following paragraph, extracted from the pamphlet alluded to:

"The Locomotive Engine in present use, is applied only to the propelling of loaded carriages on horizontal railways; or such as have a slight inclination only.—In situations where a transition is to be effected from one level to another, inclined planes are interposed between the different horizontal sections of her railroad, and the transfer is usually effected by means of these and stationary steam engines; or other stationary machinery; the Locomotive Engine as hitherto employed, being inadequate to the purpose. The improvements under consideration, provide for the transfer of loaded carriages, both ascending and descending, by means of the Locomotive Engine, independent of any aid from extraneous powers. The manner of accomplishing these objects will be explained under three distinct heads, to be denominated the First, Second, and Third, methods."

We feel ourselves warranted in recommending the invention of the Locomotive Engine with Major Long's improvement, as a means of facilitating internal trade and intercourse, more effectually than any other that has come under our observation since the application of steam power to the purposes of navigation. Such is

our confidence in their fitness and utility, that we are disposed to yield to rail-roads on the plan suggested, a decided preference over canals, in all countries where coal can be had at a moderate expense.

When we advert to the fact, that a single horse requires as much of the material of life, as will sustain at least three human beings, it seems desirable in order to confer a benefit on our species, that the necessity of employing horses should be obviated as much as possible. If the man who could make two blades of grass grow, where but one only grew before, was to be regarded as a benefactor of mankind, to how great a meed of praise must he be entitled, who can provide for the subsistence of three human beings, at the expense of one horse.—The solution of this problem is peculiarly incumbent on the British government at the present crisis, and may at some period become a desideratum with our own.

*Account of the process of M. M. Thenard and Darcel, for preventing substances from Humidity.*

On the 27th of February 1824, there was read at the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a *Memoir*, by M. M. Thenard and Darcel, on the employment of fatty bodies for making coverings and unalterable plaisters, and for making moist places salubrious. This process, the effects of which have been established by several years' experience, consists in causing a mixture of one part of oil and two parts of resin to penetrate, by means of an intense heat, either porous stones or plaster. The bodies penetrated with this mixture acquire a singular degree of solidity, and become absolutely impermeable to moisture.

This process can be employed for rendering low and damp places salubrious. It was tried at the Sorbonne, and the expense of it was only 16 sous per square metre, or a square whose side is 39 English inches. The other objects to which it is proposed to apply it are houses, statues placed in the open air, bas reliefs and sculptures in plaster, the ceilings and walls of rooms intended for Fresco paintings, basins for holding water, and reservoirs for holding grain.

M. Thenard exhibited to the Academy several objects of art executed in plaster by his process. In order to shew its efficacy, he exposed to the open air for several years, a bas relief, half of which was formed of ordinary plaster, whilst the other half was prepared. This last half was perfectly preserved, while the other displayed visible traces of disintegration. This process does not resemble those which consist in covering bodies with a sort of skin which keeps off humidity. The body is actually penetrated with the mixture to the depth sometimes of several inches.

*Diurnal Variation of the Compass.*—It appears that the diurnal variation of the needle in the arctic regions is very considerable. Captain Parry and Lieutenant Foster, in a communication read before the Royal Society, state, that the daily variation of the needle at Port Bowen sometimes amounts to 7 or 8 deg. and is never less than one degree. These able observers are said to have discovered a decided connexion between the diurnal variation and the positions of the sun and moon. If it be true that another expedition to the arctic regions is to take place, particular attention to this connection ought to be one of the objects of the expedition; the variation being too small in this country to establish so important a fact. We do not on this account, however, set a less value on the labors of Colonel Beaufort, who has for several years kept and published a Register of the diurnal variation in this country. The time will arrive, when the value of his Register will be more generally understood, and more justly appreciated.—*News of Lit.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Voyage of Discovery.*—An English journal says, "The Board of Admiralty have determined on fitting out another expedition to the Arctic Seas. The direction and immediate objects of the intended expedition, however, are different from those of the former voyages, and the promotion of the interests of our fisheries forms a very material inducement for the present undertaking. Our knowledge of Spitzbergen is almost entirely confined to its western coast, and a wide field for discovery remains

unexplored on the eastern shores of that island. The first object, therefore, of the intended expedition, is the survey of its eastern coast, where, it is expected, that new and prolific fishing-ground may be discovered, which will be attended with great benefit to our Northern fishery, the seas on the western side of Spitzbergen being nearly exhausted. Captain Parry has been selected for this interesting survey, and the Hecla is to be prepared for the performance of this service during the next year. An ultimate, and still more interesting object is subsequently to be attempted, which will require all the energy and enterprize of the distinguished officer to whom this service is to be entrusted. We understand the Hecla will take out with her boats or small vessels of peculiar construction, in which Captain Parry and a party of the Hecla's officers and men are to attempt actually to reach the North Pole, leaving the ship in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. This attempt is made at the suggestion of the Royal Society."

*Ancient Coin.*—A fine and well preserved gold coin of King Edward III. was lately found by George Bidgood, a gardener, of Axbridge, while digging up some ground near that ancient town. Its present weight is exactly one hundred and eighteen grains troy; and it is about the size of a modern half-crown in circumference. Edward III. is said by many historians, to have struck the first gold coins in England; but Hume says, they are to be found so early as Henry III's time, about a century before. Guthrie's Chronological Tables say, gold was first coined in 1344 (18th Edward III.); if they are correct, this piece may be one of the earliest, and most valuable.

*Buried Forests.*—At Lawrence Park, four miles beyond Linlithgow, there is a piece of ground lower than the adjoining country, and covered with moss, but tolerably dry, which the proprietor opened with the view of forming a pond. About four feet under the surface, a great number of large trees were discovered, which were pronounced to be oak; the wood was still fresh and fit for use, and there was also found strewed upon the soil, among the trees, a vast quantity of nuts like those of the hazel.

*Valuable Discovery.*—One of the most simple and useful discoveries in agriculture, is to mix layers of green or new-cut clover with layers of straw in ricks or stacks; thus the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which, thus impregnated, both horses and cattle eat greedily, and the clover is dried and prevented from heating. This practice is particularly calculated for second crops of clover and rye-grass.

### MAXIMS.

Never chase a lie; for if you keep quiet, truth will eventually overtake it and destroy it.

Never trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in nine cases out of ten, you will be betrayed.

If you wish to make a tool of a man, first see whether you can flatter him; and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

A person who has treated you with attention, but now with indifference, labours under a conviction of having previously mistaken your character, or is now chargeable with misconstruing your conduct: the first shows a mortifying want of discernment; the last a pitiable want of generosity.

## THE REPOSITORY.

## DECEPTION.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST]

Amelia Stanmore, the eldest daughter of Sir George, was now in her twentieth year. Her person was rather above the middle size, elegantly proportioned; her countenance, in which the slightest emotion called up the blush of sensibility, was formed on the Grecian model; rich ringlets, of the most beautiful auburn, waved gracefully over her high and polished forehead; and there was a liquid lustre in her fine blue eye, which spoke a soul susceptible of every soft impression. Amintor had never before seen a form so captivating—Matilda was forgotten, or if a thought of her obtruded to cross his devotion for this new charmer, he called to mind her supposed inconstancy, and by it justified his own. The elegant person of her admirer, now in the full bloom of youth and manly beauty, had no less effect upon the heart of Amelia. The moment seized by the enamored youth for the declaration of his love, was to her one of exquisite delight. Above the affectation of her sex, she candidly acknowledged a reciprocal affection, although she had been made the confidant of her father's dislike to Amintor, she preferred obeying the dictates of love to those of prudence. In spite of the lynx-eyed vigilance of a parent, the lovers contrived to keep up a correspondence, unobserved, and even unrespected, until their affection became so ardent that they mutually promised to be united by a private marriage, should they not succeed in softening the asperity of Sir George.

Meanwhile, the business of Mr. Elmore, requiring that some one should immediately pay a visit to Bristol, he requested Amintor to undertake the journey, to which as it was only to detain him for a short time, he readily consented. A few hours being all that were allowed him to prepare for his departure, he flew to Amelia, to whom he imparted the circumstances which called him from her, and from whom he parted with vows of constancy as ardent as those with which he had left Matilda; assuring her that the moment he could so arrange his business that it should not suffer by his absence, he would return secretly to London and claim the performance of her promise; and pointed out a mode by which she might privately correspond with him, & which she promised she would not neglect.

Painful were the feelings of Amintor, during his journey. He was now returning to a spot from which an unhappy attachment had banished him; and leaving in that to which he had fled for refuge, one no less inauspicious. He, however, resolved to confine himself to the town; never to renew his intimacy at his uncle's, and not to ask a question about Matilda. His whole soul was now Amelia Stanmore's; and to her alone he resolved his future life should be devoted. He had been about a fortnight at Bristol, when he met with Mrs. Marsden in the street. However small his inclination to view this lady with the eye of friendship, politeness would not suffer him to pass her wholly unnoticed. In return for his salute, she stopped to converse with him; and on learning his present circumstances, assumed an unexpected tone of friendship, and so pressingly invited him to visit her when his business would allow him leisure, that he was unable to resist, in spite of all the resolutions he had formed to avoid the possibility of an interview with Matilda.

In a few days after, he complied with this invitation. The reception he met with from Mr. Marsden, whose feelings were regulated only by the vacillating humors of his lady, was perfectly friendly. Matilda, while expressing her real satisfaction at their meeting once more, addressed him with an air of embarrassment; this he attributed to shame for her former neglect; with which he failed not, when an opportunity presented itself, most seriously to reproach her. Far, however, from acknowledging the justice of his complaints, Matilda retorted on him the charge of indifference; assured him that she had persevered in her attachment to him; that she had invariably resisted many efforts which had been made to oblige her to yield to the importunities of his rival, who, tired out with her obstinacy, had long declined from tormenting her, and was then on the point of marriage with the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who had listened more favorably to his suit; that she had, in defiance of the most rigid treatment and the most terrifying menaces, repeatedly written to him, delivering her letters to the old housekeeper, who solemnly assured her of having forwarded them, and of never having the looked for answers.—The treachery of the wretch was evident; she was unable when questioned, to deny that she had betrayed them to her mistress, and regularly delivered to her all the letters which she had received from either; and that it was by her direction and the instigation of a bribe, that she had asserted to Amintor the fatal falsehood which had so cruelly embittered his peace. The indignant youth would have overwhelmed her with curses, but was withheld by the remonstrances of Matilda, who dreaded the occurrence of any thing which could again draw the attention of her relation to a subject which had been made a reason for so much harsh treatment as she had formerly endured. These fears, however, were groundless; a revolution had taken place in the sentiments of Mrs. Marsden. That lady, who made nothing of sacrificing the character of consistency to her notions of interest, now looked upon the affair in quite a different light. She saw the hopes of a match between her protegee and their wealthy neighbor, terminated by the change in that gentleman's inclination; she considered the prospect of wealth which Amintor's present situation opened to him on equality with any suitor by whom the hand of Matilda was likely to be sought. Matilda must receive a marriage portion; and should any circumstance, as was extremely probable, have occurred to make up the breach between Amintor and his uncle, she was still in danger of losing a portion of her expected wealth. She had besides, been much censured by the world for having been the means of depriving the young man of Mr. Marsden's esteem; she therefore chose to exert herself in healing the dissensions she had herself caused, and was now as anxious to promote what she considered must still be the object of Amintor's wish, as she had formerly been to prevent it. She, therefore, took an opportunity of making some apologies to him for her former behaviour and told him, that the hand of Matilda, with a portion of five thousand pounds was at his disposal.—Conceiving that she had overwhelmed him with delight, she soon left him, but in a state of mind very different to that which she imagined.

The recent explanation had shown that Matilda was innocent, nay, that what she had endured for his sake demanded his warmest gratitude: on what grounds could he then reject her, now that every obstacle was

removed? But then the beautiful, the affectionate Amelia; could he desert one whose every hope of happiness centred in him; To define the state of his thoughts, would have been impossible even to himself. To both these amiable girls he was equally pledged; and to which ever party he should do justice; he felt that he must break the heart of the other. Irresolute, however, how to act, he suffered the information of the intended marriage to be that evening conveyed to Matilda, without the power of making any opposition and listened to stupid silence to the arrangements which were made for the celebration of it in the course of the ensuing week. On his return to his lodgings, he found a letter awaiting him: it was from Amelia. Alas! how different were the emotions aroused by the sight of the well known hand from those with which he had formerly viewed it. It was filled with sentiments of the most tender regard, sentiments which he had himself drawn from her by an impatient expression of his fears that she would forget him and in terms, more glowing, perhaps, than some over rigid advocates for female decorum would approve, but which Amintor knew to be the warm effusions of an innocent and devoted heart, declared she entertained no thought of happiness in which he had not a part. Frantic at the thoughts of the injury he was about to inflict upon her, Amintor resolved to invent some excuse, though as yet he knew not what, to put off the intended nuptials; and answered the letter in a style of corresponding tenderness. The pressing demands on this time made by his necessary employment, absolutely prevented him from immediately re-visiting his uncle's house. When he went thither, it was with the purpose of revealing his situation to the old gentleman, and asking his advice, but alas! every preparation for the fatal wedding had been made; the day on which he had himself agreed it should take place, had arrived. A numerous party had assembled and many were the congratulations he received on his imagined happiness. It was too late to recede: he was unable to attempt it. The marriage ceremony was performed; the bells rang forth a merry peal; mirth and festivity prevailed among the gay circle of their visitors; and the numerous tenants of Mr. Marsden, whose rank would not permit them to assemble at the splendid board celebrated with rustic merriment and unfeigned delight, the union of two persons whom all esteemed, whom all knew to have suffered so much for each other, and whom they considered now fated to revel in bliss unchangeable.

The delight of Matilda was unbounded at thus finding herself united to the object of her first, her undeviating attachment. But, alas! while every face around him beamed with joy, how wretched was the heart of Amintor! yet he smoothed his brow, and joined, in appearance, in the general mirth. A fortnight elapsed: no letter arrived from Amelia. He was astonished; for he had expected she would have overwhelmed him with reproaches, when she should learn, as he knew she soon must, that he had deserted her. The dreadful calm was at length broken. He received a letter from London: the seal was black; the impression, the arms of the Stanmore family; the writing was not Amelia's. With tremulous anxiety he tore it open. The contents were as follows.—

Sir.—In addressing you, I am charged with the execution of the most opposite commissions,—to express to you the indignation of a father, whom your perfidy has rendered childless; and the forgiveness of a sis-



ter, on whose too confiding, gentle nature you imposed whom you seduced from her duty, and he whom, with unprecedented barbarity, you have inflicted a base, a torturing a mortal wound—Amelia Stanmore is dead! Ten days ago, she read, in a public paper, an account of your marriage, and immediately fell senseless on the floor. All present, among whom was Sir George and myself, astonished at the accident hastened to her relief. The mystery was but too soon elucidated. In removing a part of her dress to afford her the necessary assistance, your letter, sir, your last letter to that injured excellence, was found closely pressed to that heart which had become too sincerely yours, and which you ungratefully had given up a prey to disappointment and despair. The fury of Sir George was unbounded, and as soon as my unhappy sister regained her senses, would have burst in execrations on her head, and I not on my knees entreated him to spare her, at least till she should have recovered from the shock her feelings had sustained. Alas! that time never arrived. She was conveyed to bed, where speechless, motionless, tearless, she lay for several days insensible to every attempt to restore her. The first intimation she gave of returning sensation, was a search for the letter which I have mentioned. When she found she had been deprived of it, she fixed her eyes on mine with a gaze most painfully intense; then, as if suspended recollection had rushed in an instant on her mind, she burst into a flood of tears. Presently seizing my hand, she exclaimed, "Write to him, Clarinda: tell him he has murdered me; but do not curse him;—tell him, I forgive him." The unhappy girl never spoke more, and in a few moments expired. I have complied with the injunctions of this dying saint, in conveying to you her last words. I spare not the comments on your conduct which my father has ordered me to make; the reflections which will accompany you through life upon this unhappy event, will be sufficient punishment."

When Amintor had read this fatal communication, he sunk into a state of lethargy almost as profound as that into which his injured Amelia had been plunged.—For some hours he was insensible to every thing around him; then starting wildly he rushed into his chamber. A case of loaded pistols was lying on the table. He snatched one of the fatal instruments; he gazed around him with frantic desperation; he thought himself a monster, a blot in creation. "Thus, thus, alone," cried he, "poor dear, injured innocence, can I atone for the injury I have done to thee!" He pressed the murderous trigger; the contents of the weapon penetrated his heart, and in an instant the rash youth passed into a dreadful eternity. Matilda the poor unconscious Matilda revelling in the hope of years of future bliss, had just returned from a walk with one of the most intimate of her female acquaintance. She had been pouring forth her thanks to Providence for the bliss with which she imagined now her future life was to be crowned. The report of the pistol was heard; alarmed they rushed up stairs. Heavens, what a sight! Amintor, lifeless bathed in blood lay extended on the floor. Matilda saw; she shrieked, and sunk senseless on the inanimate body of her husband. Never since has the light of reason revisited her brain; years have passed away, and time has triumphed over her once glowing charms; but alas! the fatal scene is ever present to her imagination; and often has the relator shed tears of pity, on hearing her wild and incoherent ravings.

## A GOOD STORY.

Although the following little tale may apparently carry with it much of the air of fiction, yet it is all substantially correct, and but the bare recital of events that have actually transpired.

Near the close of the last century, Capt. S. a native of New England, who at an early age, was entrusted with the command of a mercantile vessel, made a voyage to one of the West India Islands. Having reached his destined port, disposed of his cargo, and made necessary preparations for his return, one day as he was walking the streets of the large and flourishing port at which his vessel was anchored he observed a well dressed female walking near him and in the same direction. Her features, though bearing the evident marks of sorrow and dejection, were beautiful, and her whole appearance uncommonly interesting. Struck with her beauty and her prepossessing and dignified demeanor, Capt. S. politely inquired whether she might be walking far in his direction, acquainting her at the same time with the house of his lodgings to which he was then repairing. Capt. S. then proffered his services in conveying a basket of considerable size which she carried in her hand. She thanked him in a soft and tremulous tone of voice, and timidly delivered him the basket. Capt. S. took the little burden from her hand wholly unconscious of what it contained and little dreaming what to his future life would be the consequences of that moment. He observed, however, as he took the basket, that there was a singular hesitation in the manner, and that her cheeks were crimsoned by a deep blush; but imputing it to no other cause than maiden timidity he walked on in silence. The lady soon remarked that she must make a call at the house then at hand for a few moments, and if he would convey the basket to his lodgings she would soon be there to take charge of it herself;—and throwing an anxious look on Capt. S. and his charge she immediately disappeared. Capt. S. proceeded to his boarding house and deposited the basket in the hall. He seated himself at the dinner table, and jovially related his adventure with the fair unknown. His host, better acquainted with the manners of the town; and in the impositions, which he sometimes been played off on strangers, smiled, and rallied him on the possibility of his basket's containing something more than a dead weight, as he had humorously termed his burden. At this moment the cries of an infant were heard in the direction of the basket. Capt. S. was astonished, and not a little chagrined at this sudden proof of what his host had suggested. Unmoved, however by the laugh which was now, turned merrily upon him, he proceeded to the basket and found it contained not a dead weight, but a living, healthy and handsome looking female infant. No mother appeared to claim or offer it protection. Capt. S. although mused at the trick, and highly vexed with that credulous and honest simplicity in himself which had thus rendered him the dupe of female artifice, was, notwithstanding endued with too much philanthropy, and too much humanity of feeling, to suffer his charge to be neglected.—He procured a nurse for the present, and before he left the island, made ample provision for the future support of the child. He now returned home and did not visit the place till some years after, when he found his former helpless ward had become an interesting little prattler. He soon became attached to her, and no longer regretted the incident which gave him, as he termed her, his adopted daughter. During the following twelve years Capt. S. frequently visited the island, and always provided liberally for the support and education of the child that was thrown on his benevolence, without any of that regret, that drawback of feeling, which so often attends the ostensive generosity of the penurious, and destroys the merit of their charities. His heart was warmed by generous impulses, and required not the aid of arithmetical calculation to measure the bounds of its munificence.—He always manifested towards her the affection and tenderness of a parent, and took a parent's interest in her welfare. She had now arrived at the age of fourteen—an age, which, in that soft climate, confers all the maturity of womanhood, and more perfectly, perhaps, than any other period, opens the blossom of female beauty. She was esteemed as possessing an uncommon share of beauty and vivacity. And such was Capt. S.'s attachment that it was generally supposed that his was other than parental affection, and it soon became rumored in town that he was about to lead her

to the Hymeneal altar. Capt. S. was at this time making preparations to return to New England. One day as he stood on the wharf at which his vessel moored, a billet was put into his hands by a person who immediately disappeared. He perused and found it a polite request of attendance to dine at a house in the city which was particularized in the billet. The house and family who occupied it were to him perfectly unknown; and so singular were all the circumstances attending the invitation, that he for some time, hesitated whether it would be expedient to accept it. Curiosity, however, soon conquered his doubts, and he resolved to attend. At the appointed hour he arrived at the house, and was ushered into an elegant apartment by a lady who called him by name and introduced herself by the name of Mrs. W. assuring him at the same time, that the cause of his invitation should be the subject of future explanation. Capt. S. thought he had seen the countenance of his fair entertainer before; but he was unable to call to mind when, or where, it might have happened; and the hour which succeeded, spent in lively conversation on the leading topics of the day, brought nothing with it to assist his memory or allay his curiosity; and yet it brought along with it an increasing gratification, a pleasing interest which he had never before experienced. A happy dream of uncertainty, if the expression may be allowed was floating over his mind, and sensations were awakened in his bosom which he was conscious he had before, on some occasion or other, felt, and he knew that these sensations had been happy ones, and yet his memory was unable to identify them.

Dinner was now announced, and he was soon seated at the table, loaded with all the delicacies that the climate afforded, served up with the utmost taste and elegance. The hour of dinner was past with the same pleasure on the part of Capt. S. and with the same ease and sprightliness on the part of his fascinating hostess.—The company soon withdrew and left Capt. S. and the lady alone. And now Capt. S. said she, addressing him with a confidence which was inspired, perhaps, by the consciousness of the favorable impression which she had made—and now, for our promised explanation, which permit me to commence by inquiring how fares your adopted daughter? Well madam, very well, I believe, replied Capt. S. somewhat surly and at the question. And it is rumored sir, said the lady that you are about to change the title of father for one of a different nature. Rumour often speaks vaguely, replied Capt. S. still uncertain whether her remarks touched Nobody could be better entitled to that privilege, sir, continued she, but what grade alas! what grade in the scale of your censures have you assigned to her seemingly unnatural mother?

Of that, madam, replied Capt. S. I am but ill qualified to judge. Perhaps that mother might have had reasons to justify her conduct—and without knowing the circumstances under which she acted, I could never feel to condemn her, who, in the short moment I beheld her, awakened so extraordinary an interest in my bosom. Yes sir, rejoined the lady in melancholy and touching tones, that mother had reasons for her conduct—conduct, which she knew the world would, and had a right to condemn as base and unnatural—but think you, she parted with the infant of her bosom without a pang? without one tear of motherly affection? Oh! could you have known the anguish of that moment—that distraction of feeling which rent her bleeding bosom, when she relinquished the object of her affection, the only object on earth for which she breathed a wish to live, or even endured her then hated existence, every feeling of censure would have been lost in commiseration for her sufferings.—One year before, and all that heart could wish was hers—all the advantages that rank and opulence could confer, all that is splendid and dazzling in the eyes of the world, and gives distinction in social life, was courting her acceptance—but her heart was not there—she had formed an attachment to a young officer, poor, indeed, but honorable, and who she knew would never be recognized as her suitor by her proud parents, who viewed wealth as the only ground of distinction in society. She was induced therefore to contract a clandestine marriage. The intercourse which followed was soon discovered—her husband was snatched from life by an unexpected casualty—her incensed parents would listen to no extenuation—at the best her transgression was considered unpardonable, and she was driven from home in their resentment with a limited pecuniary allowance and

told to seek protection where she could find it—she was now thrown on the world a wretched wanderer, without a friend or protector—she, who never dreamed that the world was made for aught but her and happiness; she came to this city for a shelter, and here remained in obscurity till the period which made her a mother had exhausted her small resources—she was then compelled to go forth helpless and penniless with, as she thought, no other alternative before her but suicide or beggary—at this crisis she met with you—your character was known, the thought occurred to her to tax your benevolence with the charge of her offspring.—Her opinion of you was not ill founded—he had the pleasure to behold her infant child fall into the hands of a generous benefactor; and she has had the pleasure too to behold his goodness and protection continued to that daughter, who was, as you perhaps may justly deem, so meanly thrown on your generosity.—Such replied Capt. S. were never my feelings—I thought not so—and I am amply repaid for my protection by the grateful feelings and interesting society of the lovely girl I protected.—And there is another, sir, replied the lady, who is by no means ungrateful to you, and who stands ready to remunerate you for your benevolence to the amount of whatever you may please to accept. I shall accept of none, said Capt. S.—Should a remuneration of another kind be acceptable, sir, replied she, perhaps you will allow me authorised to award it—report says you intend marrying the daughter—I will give you even a greater liberty, I will give you the choice of marrying either mother or daughter. Suffice it to say that long before this Capt. S. had discovered with whom he was conversing, and that he was not a little gratified and interested in the conference.—A few days brought him to the conclusion that he should accept one of these offers—the daughter had always looked on him as a father, and now more than ever he looked upon her as a daughter—he was not displeased, moreover, as it appears, with the mother; and on enquiry he found, in addition to what she had already told him, whatever stains had once been thought to sully her character, they had been all removed, and that her parents, though now dead, had forgiven and bequeathed her a competence; on these grounds, together with his prepossessions in her favor, Capt. S. in a few days married Mrs. W. and with his adopted daughter set sail for New England in one of the smiling villages of which, he settled, and now lives with his family in the bosom of contentment and social happiness.

## MASONIC.

We have just arisen from the perusal of Mr. James G. Carter's address at the consecration of Plymouth Lodge of Freemasons. It is a very chaste and eloquent production, is finished with much care, and is not inferior to the best of that class of writings of which the two last years have been so remarkably prolific.

His theme is the "Progress of the World." He shows with great ability, that there has been a gradual amelioration of the condition of mankind, a steady and strengthening tendency of opinions, views and actions to improvement, "although by comparing one age with that which immediately precedes or follows it, we shall not always find the comparison to result in any perceptible improvement." But he thinks, and we think with him, that "by dividing the history of the world into large epochs, and contrasting them with each other, we cannot fail to convince ourselves that there is a progress in human affairs." We of the present entertain more rational ideas of civil liberty than did our fathers, our views of our Creator have expanded, wars are conducted on more humane principles than they formerly were, and above all, Woman, whose power to soften the rough traits of character in the other sex, has been seen in more instances than the taming of Hercules by Omphale, has assumed a new and interesting character.

"In the heathen world, and under the Jewish dispensation, she was the slave of man. Christianity con-

stituted her his companion. But as our religion gradually lost its power in the dark ages, she sunk down again to her deep moral degradation. She was the first to fall in the garden of Eden; and perhaps it was a judgement upon her, when the whole human character was now so low, she sunk the lowest, and was the last to rise again to her original consequence in the scale of being. The age of chivalry, indeed, exalted her to be an object of adoration. But it was a profane adoration, not founded upon the respect due to a being of immortal hopes and destinies as well as man. This high character has been conceded to her at a later period, as she has slowly attained the rank ordained for her by heaven. Although this change in the relation of woman to man and to society is both an evidence and a consequence of improvement in the human condition, yet now her character is a cause operating to produce a still greater improvement. And if there be any one cause to which we may look with more confidence than to others, for hastening the approach of a more perfect state of society, that cause is the elevated character of woman as displayed in the full development of all her moral and intellectual powers."—Page 23.

The influence which a good mother exerts upon her offspring is beautifully shown in pages 26—7.

"But in no relation does a woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline which is to form the mind of a being, perhaps, the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its Great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes, and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy unalloyed, and without design, but to the bosom of her who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity or his prosperity. And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and follies of a forward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother."

We have not space to quote further from this interesting performance. Although not of the Craft, we were much pleased with the tribute, no doubt a just one, which the orator pays to the "kind sympathies of masons." We believe the Institution has done much good in the world, though the order has suffered from a mistaken belief that they are bound to search every corner of the earth for objects of charity.

[Such is not their belief: objects of charity know too well where to seek the balm of affliction. True masons, though ever ready to extend a relieving hand, are not officious, nor are they solicitous to proclaim to the world their acts of benevolence.]—Ed. Garland.

The brig Alabama, Capt. Pendleton, from a sealing voyage, arrived at Stonington, Conn. on the 12th inst. in 74 days from Valparaiso, with a cargo of 26,000 seal skins. Capt. P. is the bearer of despatches for government, from the United States representative at Valparaiso. The Norwich Canal of Intelligence, adds, to its mention of this arrival, the following anecdote, which is an additional illustration of the influence of masonry upon the most iniquitous of the initiated:—"We heard, a short time ago, an anecdote of a Capt. Pendleton, who was out on a sealing voyage; and the arrival of this brig brought it to mind. We presume her commander is the same gentleman. While on his

passage, he was attacked on the coast of Chili, by a piratical vessel, and robbed of goods, &c. to an amount which rendered his situation very destitute. By his request he was introduced to the captain of the pirate, and on shaking hands they recognized each other to be Masons. Capt. P. gave his name. The pirate invited him into his cabin, and desired to know the extent of loss which he had suffered; at the same time observing that it was beyond his power to restore any thing. Capt. Pendleton named as near as he could, the damage sustained, and was immediately presented with a draft covering the amount, on a firm in Valparaiso. They then bade farewell; and the draft was afterwards honored by a prompt payment."

## LITERATURE.

### LITERARY PUBLICATIONS.

There is no description of light readings so beneficial in its effects as that contained in the weekly sheet. The mind becomes sooner wearied with the abstruse sameness of volumed matter, than it does with the varied collection of circumstances recorded in periodicals. We delight in novelty—it is our favorite study: and when we unfold the pages of magazines and literary papers, it is with the expectation of being indulged in our anticipations, no where so successfully realized, as in these.

Youth, particularly, are fond of light-readings—they cannot bring their minds to a continual study of any particular standard work, historical or scientific—they must interweave with it the incidents and events of times they live in—they must consider and learn the various literary labours and productions of their day:—this enlivens their ideas, invigorates their minds, and acts as an additional incentive to the study and acquirement of more solid and permanent information.

In affording encouragement to publications of the character noticed in this essay, we add more to the encouragement of literature than many may suppose, who have not considered the effect literary periodicals have on society. There may be in the possession of a family of children, a library containing the most approved works of the greatest utility—and those children, unless they have a propelling power to create in them a thirst for knowledge, will leave untouched, for years, those volumes. Nothing can be more propelling in their nature, or more effectual in their results, than weekly publications, particularly those exclusively devoted to readings of an amusing and instructive cast. It unconsciously instills in the youthful mind a disposition for improvement in more refined studies—and it is not unfrequently the case, the result of these inspirations of genius, originating in the columns of a weekly quarto or folio, is to the nation a benefit, if not to man kind universally.

Where did the mind of Benjamin Franklin receive its first literary impetus? The answer is plain; in a printing office, from the weekly sheets of various descriptions which he had the opportunity of perusing. To these are to be ascribed the source of philosophy and many of the arts and sciences now diffused through the world for the general benefit of all.

I contend that nothing more beneficial to the literary world can be encouraged, than those silent precursors of rising greatness and future usefulness—and in



extending our aid to their support and existence, we also are lending a helping hand to the universal spread of the arts and sciences, and to the cause of virtue, morality, and religion.

#### LITERARY PRIZES.

The proprietor of the *PHILADELPHIA ALBUM* intends distributing the following literary prizes. The merit of the pieces to be decided by a committee of literary gentlemen of Philadelphia, viz:

For the best original Tale, FIFTY DOLLARS in cash, or a Gold Medal of the same value.

For the second best original Tale, THIRTY DOLLARS in cash, or a Gold Medal of the same value.

For the best original Essay FIFTY DOLLARS in cash or a Gold Medal of the same value.

For the second best original Essay TWENTY DOLLARS in cash, or a Gold Medal of the same value.

For the best original Poem, not exceeding one hundred lines, THIRTY DOLLARS in cash, or a Gold Medal of the same value.

For the second best original Poem, not exceeding one hundred lines, TWENTY DOLLARS in cash, or a Gold Medal of the same value.

To be forwarded, free of expense to THOMAS C. CLARKE, proprietor of "*The Album and Ladies Weekly Gazette*," Philadelphia, as follows:—The Tales on or before the first day of December next.—The Essays on or before the twentieth day of January next.—and the Poems on or before the twenty-second day of February next, each article to be accompanied with a sealed note, containing the writer's name and address, which will in no case be opened, unless a premium be awarded to the writer thereof.

Editors throughout the United States are respectfully solicited to give the above one or more insertions.

#### VARIETY.

*A Laconic Confession.* The Countess De Grolec, sister to Tencin, had led a very dissipated life. At the age of eighty-seven, she was taken dangerously ill, and it being deemed proper that she should confess, a venerable priest was brought to her bed-side. All who were present were about to retire. "No, no," cried the Countess, "stay here, my confession shall be made aloud, and will scandalize nobody. Holy father, I have been young, I have been handsome; this they told me; I believed it; you may guess the rest."

A gentleman being in company with a lady, whose affections he had made an ineffectual endeavour to gain, she, by accident, trod on his foot; the gentleman exclaimed, "I find madam, that although you cannot, or will not, bestow your heart upon me, you have given me the whole of your soul!" (*sole.*)

The renowned Peter the Great, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing a multitude of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some one about him "What all these people were about?" and being answered that they were lawyers—"Lawyers!" returned he, with great vivacity, "why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

*Marriage secrets* should never be revealed—for wives and husbands, by divulging them, only proclaim their folly and imprudence. The wife among the wedded, keep their pleasures and their pains within their own bosoms.

A person speaking of another who died in consequence of his intemperance, said he burnt his insides out with rum. A Frenchman having occasion to relate the fact, and wishing to preserve the same phraseology, said "Rum burnt him *wrongside outwards*."

*A wife.*—No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife worth as much as one who could make a good pudding. I wish the girls all knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.—*Trenton Emp.*

Some ladies and gentlemen were one evening discussing the merits of Scottish literature; one spoke of Burns, another of Scott; a third said she admired

Hogg's Tales. "Hog's tails," said an old lady whose ear had caught this remark alone, "hog's tails! why, bless me, I think any part of the critter is better than the tail."

The Mussulmans have five stated periods of prayer; morning dawn, when they say two prayers; noon, when they say four prayers; three o'clock, when they also say four prayers; twilight, when they say three prayers; half past eight, when they say four prayers. In performing their ablutions before prayer—they begin with the hands, which they wash three times; then the mouth three times, throwing out the water; the nose three times; the face and eyes three times; then they draw a line from the eyebrows to the ears, which they wash; then pass their wet hands behind their neck, and over the head; then they wash their arms three times; last of all their feet. They are then purified, as their religion enjoins, to address their Maker.

Some females have the power of alchemy, to extract from the dross of ordinary occurrences, much of the sterling ore of happiness. Many more it may be feared, however, convert to dross all the little ore that an humble or obscure station may afford. It should be a standard rule with every domestic woman, to watch the passing incidents of each day or hour, for such sweets as may favour the monotony of retired life, and suffer none such to escape her well regulated mind.—On the other hand, she should pass lightly over the inevitable mixture of perverse vexatious occurrences which flow from the fertile sources of domestic trouble.

Every woman should know her own weak points, and employ all her reason and ingenuity to strengthen them. If she is passionate, or impatient, or fretful, or habitually discontented, wo to the husband who is doomed to her society, if she does not correct these defects. But a sensible woman will subject the irregularities of her temper to the strong restraints of reason and religion; and her husband will admire her constant submission to the severe obligation of self-control.

"Jack will never make a gentleman."—This proverb teaches that all are not gentlemen who are so called; there is more than the bare name required to make him what he ought to be by birth, honour, and merit.—Though a man may possess himself of money, he cannot purchase gentility, but must remain Jack still, without having virtue, and wisdom, to enrich his mind to enhance the glory of his wealth, or to ennoble his blood. But what money will fail in doing, may be accomplished by application and industry. These will raise a man above the level of his original station, and fit him for any company.

"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold? and to get understanding, rather to be chosen than silver." Prov. xvi. 16.

"Kissing goes by favour."—This proverb is a reflection upon partiality, where particular marks of kindness and bounty are bestowed on persons who are favourites whether they deserve it or not; while persons more meritorious are neglected. But this will be, where persons are led more by humour than by judgement.

"To have respect of persons is not good." Prov. xxviii. 21.

"A Shoemaker must not go beyond his Last."—The moral instruction of this proverb is, that persons, though skillful in their own art ought not meddle with things beyond it, nor presume to correct what they do not understand. It is a translation of the Latin, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which took its rise from a story of the celebrated painter, Appelles, who having drawn a famous piece, and exposed it to public view, a cobbler passed by, and found fault with it, because he made too few latches to the galoshes. Appelles amended it accordingly, and set it out again. The next

day, the cobbler visiting him, found fault with the whole leg; upon which Appelles came out and said, "Cobbler, go home, and keep to your last."

"Every fool will be meddling." Prov. xx. 3.

*Tooth Ache.*—To a table spoonful of any kind of spirits add the same quantity of sharp vinegar and a teaspoonful of common salt; mix them well together, and hold the liquid in the mouth so that it can enter the cavity of the tooth. It will give instantaneous relief—it is said. [But as a more radical cure, we recommend that the teeth be all pulled and inserted again in different places in the jaw, wherever they may fit.]

*Light.*—Such must be the minuteness of the particles of light that if, according to Mr. Bowditch, they were placed in a row so as to form a line one inch in length, and a person at the creation had commenced counting them at the rate of 120 in a minute, which would have amounted to the astonishing sum of 367, 456, 472, 000, he would have enumerated, at the present time, a sufficient number to have constituted only the three hundred thousandth part of an inch!

*Scotch Weavers.*—An unemployed weaver meeting an acquaintance, complained of the depression of business and the general distress. His friend, with great elongation of visage exclaimed, "Ah, Jamie, the hand of Providence is in't; it's a just punishment for our sins,—'It may be sae, and it may not be sae,' replied Jamie, 'I canna say; but there's ae thing I'm sure o', gin that be true that you say the weavers suffer more for their sins than any set of men I ken o'."

The heart of a cod-fish, taken out and exposed to the sun for some hours, till almost dry, still retains symptoms of life; and whenever it is touched, becomes violently agitated for a minute or two.

*Election thanks.*—When Mr. Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr P. who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous physiognomy that ever eye beheld. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have great occasion to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the very remarkable countenance you have shown me upon this occasion."

*Synonymy.*—During a late examination at Trinity College, Cambridge, a graduate wishing to puzzle his tutor while reading a passage in Daniel—"At what time ye hear the sound of cornet, flute, harpe, sackbut, dulcimer, and all kinds of music"—enquired what sort of instrument was the sackbut. "A bagpipe to be sure," coolly answered the tutor. "How so?" said the querist. "Because," replied the learned expositor, "bag is synonymous with sack and pipe with but; therefore bagpipe and sackbut must be one and the same instrument."

One of the laws of Howel Dha, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, ran thus—"If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the prince's granary, he forfeits a milch yew with a lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat, when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground."

*The Creation of Woman.*—In a company where the conversation happened to turn upon the Mosical account of the creation of the first woman, a lady made the following remark:—"The creator appears, in this story, in the light of a midnight robber; he steals from Adam in his sleep." "Allow me, madam," said a gentleman, "to narrate an anecdote by way of argument against your objection. Last night some persons broke into my father's house; they carried away a bar of silver, and left in its place a richly chased golden vase. Can we consider these men as thieves?" "Thieves!" exclaimed the lady, "no, benefactors."—"Well, then said the gentleman, 'in what manner ought we to regard him who took away a worthless rib and gave in exchange an inestimable treasure?'"—*Kitcher.*

## THE WRITING.

FOR THE CASKET.

Fancy is a busy creature,  
Loving joy and true good nature,  
Ever, ever on the wing,  
Never fearing any thing.

Sometimes flying o'er the ocean  
Fearing not the billow's motion—  
Sometimes mounting upon high,  
Building castles to the sky.

Now she climbs the craggy mountain,  
Stopping at the crystal fountain,  
Or she dwells in lonely dens  
Mourning for departed friends.

Sometimes wealth calls her attention,  
Causing trouble and vexation ;  
Sometimes Beauty, sometimes power,  
Sometimes Pity—for an hour.

Manchester, Oct. 17.

FOR THE CASKET.

How I love all alone,  
By the light of the moon,  
To wander away through the field ;  
Where the rivulet sear,  
Like gratitude's tear,  
A beautiful lustre doth yield.

To hear from the grove,  
Soft ve-pers of love ;  
The nightingale's warbling so sweet ;  
The whippoor will's song  
Tho' it lasteth not long  
In a picture like this seemeth sweet.

To contemplate the sky,  
Brightly spangled on high,  
Reminds us how much we are blest—  
In a place such as this,  
Not unlike Paradise,  
I lull sad emotions to rest.

Manchester, Oct. 17.

God of the morning's ray ! whose power  
Earth owns as sovereign and supreme,  
We dedicate this votive hour,  
The dawn of daylight's suppliant beam  
To thoughts of Thee ; to Thee we pay  
Our thanks for the return of day.

God of the mid-day sun ! how bright  
And more resplendent, more sublime  
Must be Thy glory : Ah ! whose sight  
Can view, beyond the bounds of time,  
Thy throne eternal ; and not see  
How dim the sun compar'd with Thee ?

God of the evening shade ! how sweet  
The calm of contemplation seems  
To minds of thoughtfulness ; how meet  
To observe the light's receding gleams,  
And call to mind the fleeting span—  
The soon receding life of man.

God of the midnight hour ! how dread  
And dreary too, is nature's sleep ;  
How painful, on misfortune's bed  
In such an hour, to " wake and weep,"  
Did not we know that this must be,  
Since order'd and controll'd by Thee,

THADDEUS.

Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will en-  
joy the confidence of the young

## MEETING AFTER SEPARATION.

How sweet to the view, to the heart how delighting,  
How bounding its raptures successively flow ;  
To friendship's sweet cordial, in pit. inviting,  
All toils are forgotten ; that moment requiring  
Whole ages of sorrow, of trouble, and wo !

Long absent the sire, "with heart-bounding pride,"  
To his children returns with his cottage in view,  
He hastens with pleasure, again meets his bride,  
In rapture converses with friends at his side,  
While past happy moments once more they renew.

How sweet are those feelings for ever arising,  
While straying to view the delights of the grove,  
The river or meadow show nature surprising ;  
And he who can view, nor feel gratitude rising,  
To him nature's beauties no longer can move.

But far more delightful these prospects appear,  
To him, who through life was accustomed to stray,  
Returning from others to scenes he held dear,  
To prospect of joy, leaving sorrow and fear,  
To the scenes of his childhood of joys passed away.

Sweet scenes are the present but sweeter the day  
The visions of Infancy, childhood and youth ;  
Still nature is fruitful, delights to display  
The face of its Maker in colours how gay,  
The manner to please, and his trouble to soothe !

The scenes still return as the seasons pass by,  
And man to his Autumn must hasten as well ;  
We pass through this life with a smile or a sigh :  
How happy are those who, preparing to die,  
In the glory of heaven are hoping to dwell !

## STANZAS.

Her face and form are wond'rous fair,  
Her soul seems pure as soul may be,  
Her step is like the buoyant air,  
As light and free :

Yet no warm fount of feeling swells  
Within her bosom pure and deep ;  
In her bright eye no tear-drop dwells,  
She cannot weep.

Around the couch of fading life,  
She hovers like a form of light ;  
And till the dark and fatal strife  
Is ended quite—

She lingers with a seraph's care,  
With vigilance that will not sleep ;  
Yet when death leaves his impress there  
She cannot weep.

Base slander's sting would fall to earth,  
Could slander aim at one so pure ;  
What libel on exalted worth  
Did e'er endure ?

Yet round her heart of fadeless truth,  
No soft and thrilling stream doth sweep,  
Even in budding, early youth,  
She cannot weep.

Oh ! dearer is a breast that errs,  
If hopes, and fears its channel swell,  
Than cold and blameless heart, like her's  
An icicle :

Give me a breast where feeling's fount  
Doth through its tender fibres leap,  
Whose streams to beauty's orbs can mount,  
And make them weep.

## THE DEPARTURE.

Cold as the grave can make it  
The faithful heart must be,  
Whose light would not forsake it  
In parting thus from thee.  
When hand and hand is warmly pressed,  
Alas ! who does not know  
That tears well high in many a breast  
Too proud to let them flow ?

Go—and may every sorrow  
Be distant from thy way,  
And every new to-morrow  
Be happier than to day.  
May sunshine smile through every storm

And rainbows through the showers,  
While thy mild heaven is clear and warm,  
And never cold like ours.

If innocence and beauty  
Conciliate human love,  
If high regard for duty  
Can find a friend above,  
No power thy pleasure can destroy  
While love of friendship lives,  
And I will ask no purer joy  
Than this remembrance gives.

W.

## THE POLITICAL COQUETTE.

*Malo me Galatæa petil, lasciva puella,  
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.*—ECL. III.

The wanton girl, as VIRGIL sings,  
Who apples at her lover flings,  
And flies into the wood,  
Before she seeks the doubtful screen  
Takes special care she may be seen,  
And, as she hopes, pursued.

So have I seen a spirit rampant  
At office cast an eye askant,  
Wide from his destined way :  
And while he seem'd in haste to go,  
His bustle only serv'd to show  
How much he wish'd to stay !

## EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

"S'hai difetti ti salva."

Is beauty to thine outward form denied ?  
Let Vir ue's graceful veil its absence hide :  
As Caesar wreathed the laurel round his brow,  
And hid the baldness of his head below. G. M.

ON WALTER SCOTT'S POEM OF WATERLOO, BY ERSKINE.

On Waterloo's ensanguin'd plain,  
Full many a gallant man lies slain ;  
But none by bullet or by shot  
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

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